

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

ROBERT H. MILLER,

"Willing to Praise but not Afraid to Blame."

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

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ROBERT H. MILLER.

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From the Baltimore Sun.

TO THE MEMORY OF J. R. HYNSON, U. STATES NAVY.

Respectfully Dedicated to those who loved him best.

Dost ask, if he forgotten sleeps
Beneath Old Ocean's briny wave,
Whilst memory so strictly keeps
Her sleepless watch above the brave.

Beats there a heart so much debased,
That calls America its home,
From which such deeds could be effaced;
If so, unloved, forgotten, let him roam.

The darkest spot the earth contains,
Too much a paradise would be
If one loved friend by him remains,
To soothe his hours of misery.

For Hynson memory claims a tear
From all who knew his generous deeds,
And hearts, to whom he was most dear,
Can know no grief his loss exceeds.

To serve his country, firm and true,
The darkest dangers planned and braved,
Even Death's dark depths could calmly view,
Whilst honor's pinions o'er him waved.

No cold disgust of life he knew,
For love and friendship had combined,
With fairest flowers his path to strew,
And garlands Fame had twined.

Yet when deep dangers thickened round,
And Hope her pinions spread no more,
No selfishness his spirit bound,
Nor lured him to this earthly shore.

But, plunging neath the deep blue wave,
With noble purpose, generous heart,
Content to find an humble grave,
With those who perished take his part.

Dread Ocean! calm thy dashing wave!
O never nought earth's dearest tie!
The noble, generous, loved, and brave,
In thy dark depths, O must he lie?

Say, canst thou not so gently hear
Him to some fair Elision shore,
Where anguish, sorrow, pain or care,
Can reach his noble soul no more?

He sinks! For, maimed, he cannot breast
The foaming billows of the sea;
But o'er him, as they sink to rest,
A whispered answer, comes to me.

"I bear him to that fair bright home,
That spirit land, in peace to dwell,
Where cares nor sorrows never come,
His pure angelic breast to swell."

'Tis through death's portals, dark and drear,
Alone this blissful home is found,
And O so fleeting are joys here,
That thorns of fairest scenes surround.

The dear beloved ones he left,
To mourn o'er hopes so early riven,
Must raise their hearts; of joy bereft,
To his celestial home in Heaven.

There shall they meet, no more to part,
For in that pure bright spirit land,
The golden links which bind each heart,
Are forged by God's own hand."

O have those thoughts no power to still
The raging storm within the breast,
Though every wish may crown our will
Life's but a fleeting span at best.

When Col. Benton was recently in this city he inveighed bitterly against Gen. Scott for the taking of the castle of San Juan de Ullua. He said that the mode of capture was in gross violation of all the established usages of war—that there was not another instance on record of a General having compelled a castle to surrender by threats of destroying a city! We shouldn't be much surprised if President Polk were to give up the castle of San Juan de Ullua to his one-legged friend and then order Gen'l Scott back to capture it according to rule.—Louis Jour.

COL. BENTON'S SPEECH.

COL. DONIPHAN, AND OFFICERS AND MEN: I have been appointed to an honorable and a pleasant duty—that of making you the congratulations of your fellow-citizens of St. Louis, on your happy return from your long and almost fabulous expedition. You have indeed marched far, and done much, and suffered much, and well entitled yourselves to the applause of your fellow-citizens, as well as the rewards and thanks of your Government. A year ago you left home. Going out from the western border of your State, you reentered it on the east, having made a circuit equal to the fourth of the circumference of the globe, providing for yourselves as you went, and returning with trophies taken from fields, the names of which were unknown to yourselves and your country, until revealed by your enterprise, illustrated by your valor, and immortalized by your deeds. History has but few such expeditions to record; and when they occur it is as honorable and useful as it is just and wise, to celebrate and commemorate the events which entitle them to renown.

Your march and exploits have been among the most wonderful of the age. At the call of your country you marched a thousand miles to the conquest of New Mexico, as part of the force under Gen. Kearney, and achieved that conquest, without the loss of a man, or the fire of a gun. That work finished, and New Mexico, itself so distant and so lately the Ultima Thule—the outside boundary of speculation and enterprise—so lately a distant point to be attained, becomes itself a point of departure—a beginning point, for new and far more extended expeditions. You look across the long and lofty chain—the Cordilleras of North America—which divide the Atlantic from the Pacific waters; and you see beyond that ridge, a savage tribe which had been long in the habit of deprecating upon the province which had just become an American conquest. You, a party only of the subsequent Chihuahua column, under Jackson and Gilpin, march upon them, claiming them to terms, and they signed a treaty with Col. Doniphan, in which they bind themselves to cease their depredations on the Mexicans, and to become the friends of the United States. A novel treaty, that signed on the western confines of New Mexico between parties who had hardly ever heard each others names before; and to give peace and protection to Mexicans who were hostile to both. This was the meeting and the signing of the Missouri Volunteer, with the numerous and savage tribe of the Navaho Indians, living on the waters of the Gulf of California, and so long the terror and scourge of Sonora, Sinaloa and New Mexico.

This object accomplished, and impatient of inactivity, and without orders (Gen. KEARNEY having departed for California) you cast about to carve out some new work for yourselves. Chihuahua, a rich and populous city of near 30,000 souls, the seat of government of the State of that name, and formerly the residence of the Captains General of the Internal Province under the vice-regal government of New Spain was the captivating object which fixed your attention. It was a far distant city—about as far from St. Louis as Moscow is from Paris; and towns and enemies, and a large river, and defiles and mountains, and the desert whose ominous name portending death to travelers—*el jornada de los muertos*—the journey of the dead—all lay between you. It was a perilous enterprise, and a discouraging one, for a thousand men, badly equipped, to contemplate. No matter. Danger and hardship lent it a charm, and the adventurous march was resolved on, and the execution commenced. First the ominous desert was passed, its character vindicating its title to its mournful appellation—and arid plain of ninety miles strewn with the bones of animals perished of hunger and thirst—little hillocks of stone and the solitary cross, erected by pious hands, marking the spot where some Christian had fallen, victims of the savage, of the robber, or of the desert itself—no water no animal life—no sign of habitation. There the Texan prisoners, driven by the cruel Salazar, had met their direst sufferings, unrelieved as in other parts of their march in the settled parts of the country by the compassionate ministrations (for where is it that woman is not compassionate?) of the pitying women. The day was passed, and the place for crossing the river Bracito (in Spanish) made out from its side. There the enemy in superior numbers and confident in cavalry and artillery, underlook to bar the way. Vain pretension! Their discovery attack, and rout, were about simultaneous operations. A few minutes did the work! And in this way our Missouri volunteers of the Chihuahua column spent their Christmas day for the year 1846.

The victory of the Bracito opened the way to the crossing of the river Del Norte and to admission into the beautiful little town of the Paso, del Norte where a neat cultivation, a comfortable people, fields, orchards and vineyards, and a hospitable reception, offered the rest and refreshment which toils and dangers, and victories had won. You rested there till the artillery was brought down from Santa Fe; but the pretty town of the Paso del Norte, with all its enjoyments, and they were many, and the greater the place in which they were found, was not a *Copula* to the men of Missouri. You moved forward in February, and the battle of the Sacramento, one of the military marvels of the age, cleared the road to Chihuahua, which was entered without further resistance. It had been entered once before by a detachment of American troops; but under circumstances how different! In the year 1807, Lieutenant Pike and his band of thirty men taken prisoners on the head of the Rio del Norte, had been marched captives to Chihuahua, in the year 1847, Doniphan and his men entered it as conquerors. The paltry triumph of a Captain General over a Lieutenant, was effaced in the triumphal entrance of a thousand Missourians into the grand and ancient capital of all the Internal Provinces and old man still alive could remark the grandeur of the American spirit under both events—the proud and lofty bearing of the captive thirty—the mildness and moderation of the conquering thousand.

Chihuahua was taken, and responsible duties, more delicate than those of arms, were to be performed. Many American citizens were there, engaged in trade, much American property, was there. All this was to be protected both lives and property; and by peaceful arrangement; for the command was too small to admit of divisions and of leaving a garrison. Conciliation and negotiation were resorted to, and successfully. Every American interest was provided for, and placed under the safeguard, first, of good will, and next,

of guarantees not to be violated with impunity.

Chihuahua gained it became like Santa Fe, not the terminating point of a long expedition, but the beginning point of a new one. Gen. Taylor was somewhere—no one knew exactly where—but some seven or eight hundred miles towards the other side of Mexico. You had heard that he had been defeated—that Buena Vista had not been a good prospect to him. Like good Americans, you did not believe a word of it; but like good soldiers, you thought it best to go and see. A volunteer party of fourteen, headed by Collins, of Booneville, undertook to penetrate to Saltillo, and to bring you information of his condition. They set out. Amidst innumerable dangers they accomplished their purpose; and return. You march! A vanguard of one hundred men led by Lieut. Colonel Mitchell, led the way. Then came the main body (if the name is not too humble for such a band) commanded by Colonel Doniphan himself.

The whole tableland of Mexico, in all its breadth, from west to east was to be traversed. A numerous and hostile population in towns—treacherous Cumanchees in the mountains—were to be passed. Every thing was to be self provided—provisions, transportation, fresh horses for remounts, and even the means of victory—and all without a military chest, or even an empty box, in which government gold had ever reposed. All was accomplished. Mexican towns were passed, in order and quiet plundering Cumanchees were punished: means were obtained from traders to liquidate indispensable contributions; and the wants that could not be supplied, were endured like soldiers of veteran service.

I say the Cumanchees were punished. And here presents itself an episode of a novel, extraordinary, and romantic kind—Americans chasing savages for plundering people who they themselves came to conquer, and forcing the restitution of captives and of plundered property. A strange story this to tell in Europe, where back-woods character, western character, is not yet completely known. But to the facts. In the musket forest *Bolson de Mapimi*, and in the sierras around the beautiful town and fertile district of Parras, and in all the open country for hundreds of miles round about the savage Cumanchee have held dominion ever since the usurper Santa Anna disarmed the people; and sally forth from their fastness to slaughter men, plunder cattle and carry off woman and children. An exploit of this kind had just been performed on the line of the Missourians march, not far from Parras, and an advanced party chanced to be in that town at the time the news of the depredation arrived. It was only fifteen strong. Moved by gratitude, for the kind attentions of the people, especially the women, to the sick of Gen. Wool's command, necessarily left in Parras, and unwilling to be outdone by enemies in generosity, the heroic fifteen upon the spot volunteered to go back, hunt out the depredators, and punish them, without regard to numbers. A grateful Mexican became their guide. On their way they fell in with fifteen more of their comrades; and in a short time seventeen Cumanchees killed out of sixty-five, eighteen captives restored to their families, and three hundred and fifty head of cattle recovered to their owners, was the fruit of this sudden and romantic episode.

Such noble conduct was not without its effect on the minds of the astonished Mexicans. An official document from the Prefect of the place to Captain Remy, leader of this detachment, attests the verity of the fact, and the gratitude of the Mexicans; and constitutes a trophy of a new kind in the annals of war. Here it is in the original Spanish, and I will read it off in English:

It is officially dated from the Prefecture of the Department of Parras, signed by the Prefect, Jose Ignacio Arrabe, and addressed to Capt. Remy, the 18th of May, and says:

"At the first notice that the barbarians, after killing many, and taken captives, were returning to their haunts, you generously and bravely offered, with fifteen of your subordinates to fight them on their crossing by the Pozo, executing this enterprise with celerity, address and bravery worthy of all eulogy, and worthy of the brilliant issue which all celebrate. You recovered many animals and much plundered property; and eighteen captives were restored to liberty and to social enjoyments, their souls overflowing with a lively sentiment of joy and gratitude, which all the inhabitants of this town equally breathe in favor of their generous deliverers and their valiant chief. The half of the Indians killed in the combat, and those which all feel for do not calm the pain which all feel for the wound which your intrepidity received defending Christians and brutality of savages. All desire the speedy reestablishment of your health; and although they know that in your own noble soul will be found the best reward of your conduct, they desire also to address you the expression of their gratitude and high esteem. I am honored in being the organ of the public sentiment, and pray you to accept it, with the assurance of my most distinguished esteem."

"God and Liberty!"

This is a trophy of a new kind in war, won by thirty Missourians, and worthy to be held up to the admiration of chivalry.

The long march from Chihuahua to Monterey was made more in the character of protection and deliverance than of conquest and invasion. Armed enemies were not met, and peaceful people were not disturbed. You arrived in the month of May in General Taylor's camp, and about in a condition to vindicate each of you as a soldier, your lawful title to the addition to it which the Colonel of the expedition has supplied—ragged—as well as rough and ready. No doubt your all shewed title, at that time, to that third sobriquet; but to see you now, so gallantly attired, so sprucely equipped one might suppose that you never had for an instant, been a stranger to the virtues of soap and water; or the magic ministrations of the *blanchisseuse*; and the elegant transformations of the fashionable tailor. Thanks, perhaps, to the difference between pay in the lump at the end of service, and dribbles along in the course of it.

You arrived in Gen. Taylor's camp ragged and rough, as we can well conceive, and ready as I can quickly make you, you reported for duty; you asked for service—such as a march upon San Luis de Potosi, Zacatecas, or the walls of the Montezumas; or any thing in that way that the General should have a mind to. If he was going on any expedition of that kind, all right. No matter about fatigues that were passed, or expirations

of service that might accrue; you came to go and only asked the privilege. That is what I call ready. Unhappily the conqueror of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista, was not exactly in the condition that the Lieutenant General, that might have been intended him to be. He was not at the head of 20,000 men! he was not at the head of any thousands that would enable him to march! and had to decline the proffered service. Thus the long march and well fought volunteers—the rough, the ready, and the ragged—had to turn their faces towards home still more than two thousand miles distant. But this being mostly by water, you hardly count it in the record of your march. But this is an unjust mission, and against the precedents as well as unjust. "The Ten Thousand counted the voyage on the Black Sea as well as the march from Babylon; and twenty centuries admit the validity of the count. The present age, and posterity, will include in 'the going out and the coming in' of the Missouri Chihuahua Volunteers, the water voyage as well as the land march; and then the expedition of One Thousand will exceed that of the Ten by some two thousand miles.

The last nine hundred miles of your land march, from Chihuahua to Matamoros, you made in forty-five days bring seventeen pieces of artillery, eleven of which were taken from the Sacramento and Bracito. Your horses traveled the whole distance without U. S. provender, were astonished to find themselves regaled on their arrival on the Rio Grande frontier, with hay corn and oats from the States. You marched further than the farthest fought as well as the best, left order and quiet in your train, and cost less money than any.

You arrive here to-day, absent one year, marching and fighting all the time, bringing trophies of cannon and standards from fields whose names were unknown to you before you set out, and only grieving that you could not have gone further. Ten pieces of cannon rolled out of Chihuahua to arrest your march, now roll through the streets of St. Louis to grace your triumphal return. Many standards, all pierced with bullets while waving over the heads of the enemy at the Sacramento, now wave at the head of your column. The black flag, brought to the Bracito, to indicate the refusal of that quarter which its bearers so soon needed and received, now takes its place among your trophies, and hangs drooping in their nobler presence. To crown the whole—to make public and private happiness go together—to spare the cypress where the laurel hangs in clusters—this long and perilous march, with all its accidents of field and camp, presents an incredibly small list of comrades lost. Almost all returned, and the joy of families resounds intermingled with the applauses of the State.

I have said that you made your long expedition without government orders; and so indeed you did. You received no orders from your government; but, without knowing it, you were fulfilling its orders—orders which never reached you. Happy the soldier who executes the command of his government; happier still he who anticipates command, and does what is wanted before he is bid. This is your case. You did the right thing, at the right time, and what the government intended you to do, and without knowing its intentions. The facts are these: Early in the month of November last, the President asked my opinion on the manner of conducting the war. I submitted a plan to him, which, in addition to other things, required all the disposable troops in New Mexico, and all the Americans in that quarter who could be engaged for a dash expedition, to move down through Chihuahua and the State of Durango, and if necessary to Zacatecas, and get into communication with General Taylor's right as early as possible in the month of March. In fact the disposable Missourians in New Mexico were to be one of three columns destined for a combined movement on the city of Mexico, all to be on the table land, and ready for the movement in the month of March. The President approved the plan, and the Missourians being most distant, orders were despatched to New Mexico to put them in motion. Mr. Solomon Sublette carried the order, and delivered it to the commanding officer at Santa Fe, Col. Price, on the 23d day of February—just five days before you fought the marvellous battle of Sacramento.

I will remember what passed between the President and myself at the time he resolved to give this order. It awakened his solicitude for your safety. It was to send a small body of men a great distance, into the heart of a hostile country, and upon the contingency of uniting in a combined movement, the means for which had not yet been obtained from Congress. The President made it a question, and very properly, whether it was safe, or prudent, to start the small Missouri column before the movement of the left and centre was assured. I answered that my own rule in public affairs was to do what I thought was right, and leave it with others to do what they thought was right; and that I believed it the proper course for him to follow on the present occasion. On this view braced. He gave the order to go, without waiting to see whether Congress would furnish the means of executing the combined plan; and, for his consolation, I undertook to guarantee your safety. Let the worst come to the worst, I promised him that you would take care of yourselves. Though the other parts of the plan should fail—though you should become far involved in the advance, and deeply compromised in the enemy's country, and without support—still I relied on your courage, skill and enterprise to extricate yourselves from every danger—to make day-light through all the Mexicans that should stand before you—cut your way out—and make good your retreat to Taylor's camp. This is what I promised the President in November last, and what you have so manfully fulfilled. And here is a little manuscript volume (the duplicate of it in the hands of the President) from which I will read you a page, to show you that you are the happy soldiers who have done the will

of the Government, without knowing its will.

"THE RIGHT WING.—To be composed of all the disposable troops in New Mexico—to advance rapidly through the States of Chihuahua and Durango, and towards Zacatecas, and to attain a position about on a line with Gen'l Taylor in the month of March, and be ready for a push on the capital. This column to move light—to have no rear—to keep itself mounted from horses in the country—and to join the centre column, or cut itself out if the main object fails."

This is what was proposed for you in the month of November last, and what I pledged myself to the President that you would perform; and nobly have you redeemed the pledge.

But this was not the first, or the only time, that I pledged myself for you. As far back as June, 1846, when a separate expedition to Chihuahua was first projected, I told the President that it was unnecessary—that the Missouri troops under Gen'l Kearney, would take that place, in addition to the conquest of New Mexico—and that he might order the column under Gen'l Wool to deflect to the left, and join Gen'l Taylor as soon as he pleased. Again: when I received a letter from Lieut. Col. Mitchell, dated in November last, and informing me that he was leaving Santa Fe with one hundred men, to open a communication with Gen'l Wool, I read the letter to the President, and told him that they would do it. And again: when we heard that Col. Doniphan, with a thousand men, after curbing the Navahos, was turning down towards the south, and threatening the ancient capital of the Captains General of the Internal Provinces, I told him they would take it. In short, my confidence in Missouri enterprise, courage and skill, was boundless. My promises were boundless. And now let boundless honor and joy salute, as it does, your return to the soil of your State, and to the bosoms of your families.

COL. DONIPHAN'S SPEECH.

In response to this address, Col. DONIPHAN, said:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: I return you, on behalf of my command, our most heartfelt thanks for the distinguished reception which we have this day received at your hands. Such a reception entitles you to our warmest gratitude, and is deeply felt by those to whom it is extended. The honor conferred is greatly enhanced by the consideration of the medium through which it is presented. No selfish considerations could, we are satisfied, have induced the honorable Senator to have passed this flattering eulogy upon us. The part which he has taken here to-day, can add nothing to his fame. From an early day, his history has been identified with the history of the State of Missouri, and a feeling of State pride has induced him to give a favorable consideration to the services rendered by the volunteers of Missouri. To him, and yourselves, I again return our warmest thanks. The minute description given by the orator of scenes through which we have passed, has excited our wonder. Indeed, so correct and minute are his details, that they resemble history; and I might almost say that they have become a part of history.

The few brief remarks which I shall make to you, fellow-citizens, will of necessity be disconnected. Man seldom speaks of himself, without vanity; and it is a habit in which I do not often indulge. Officers of the regular army, whose lives are devoted to their country, may, by their prowess—by their long continuance in the service, obtain promotion. The ladder of Fame is before them; and by their deeds of chivalry, they may at length reach the topmost round. Not so with volunteers. They only enlist for a limited period, at the call of their country in her emergency; and then return, to mingle with their friends. The only reward that awaits a volunteer, is the gratitude; and warm reception, and honor of his fellow citizens. If our services have merited honor, then we have been more than repaid.

Upon returning from our arduous campaign, and when entering upon the bosom of that noble stream that washes the borders of your city—when, in passing the magnificent country seats, bright eyes and smiling faces greeted us, and white handkerchiefs were waved in honor of the returning volunteers, we felt that we were sufficiently rewarded for all our toils. When we arrived at the great city of New Orleans, we were all unknown. That city is the thoroughfare through which have passed the heroes of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Buena Vista and Cerro Gordo—indeed, the heroes of all the brilliant victories achieved in Mexico—and it was to be supposed, that they would have been wearied long ago. Yet their patriotism, their regard for their country, is unceasing; there was not a volunteer in this corps who was not proffered a welcome hand. The hospitalities of the city were extended to all. Men who arrived there in rags were clothed—the wealthiest merchants, who never had seen them, proffered them every thing they wished for their comfort, and on credit.

Fellow-citizens: It has been said of Republics, which have existed heretofore, that they have been ungrateful. However true the charge may be with regard to former republics, it is not true of our own. Patriotism, talent, and virtue, have ever been remembered, in this government; and they ever will be.

It is not for me, fellow-citizens, to discuss the merits of this war. But it is natural that I, for one, should say something in relation to it. It is a strange war: when first commenced, it was denounced by a large party in our country—the party to which I belong as a war for political purposes. But, when soldiers were to be raised for its prosecution,

you find that men of all parties—the opposers and the advocates, the accusers and the accused—were ready to engage in the war, to rally under the same standard, to fight in the same tented field. What a spectacle for the people of the old world to gaze upon!

Men who were engrossed in the strife of political prejudices were willing, like Rhoderick Dhu and Fitz James, to lay aside those prejudices, for the time, when a common enemy was to be engaged—to renew their dissensions, if ever, when peace should be restored. Fellow-citizens—I wish that the same patriotic feeling had existed in the councils of this nation: I wish that Mexico could have seen the same unanimity in our people, in the prosecution of this war, that they have seen in our forces, in the field. I recollect well the impression made on my mind, on one occasion, when an express sent by me to General Wool, brought me such stray papers as had found their way to the General's camp—the latest dates were of the 29th of November—consequently, we had seen nothing of the proceedings of the last session of Congress, or of the President's message. The first thing I cast my eye upon was a speech of Mr. Corwin, Senator from Ohio, denouncing the war, and those engaged in it, as little better than a band of robbers. Gentlemen, a winter shower-bath would have been pleasant compared with my sensations on reading it! Freezing—chilling! Such speeches might have been deemed patriotic in the U. States; but, place yourselves where we have been, and endure what we have undergone, and then imagine our sensations. We were in a city numbering in population at least twenty times our force, and surrounded by enemies on all sides. We had crossed the Sierra Madre, and found, when we had arrived at Chihuahua, that we were looked upon as little better than a band of robbers! Fellow-citizens, the speeches which are made in opposition to this war, are said to emanate from the Peace Party; but I say that they are made by those who are postponing the peace eternally!

If the Honorable Senator's (turning to Mr. Benton) plans had been adopted, the war would have terminated long ago. If our government had placed at the disposal of General Scott and Taylor, each 20,000 men, they would, ere this, have subdued the whole Mexican power. To talk about guerrilla warfare is nonsense, against such forces as this. If Gen. Taylor, with 4,500 men, whipped Santa Anna at Buena Vista with 20,000 he would have hunted him down and crushed him! If Gen. Scott had had a sufficient force on his march from Vera Cruz to Mexico, to establish a line of communication between his army and Vera Cruz, he would, long ere this, have marched into the city of Mexico, and there dictated the terms of peace.

Fellow-citizens! What have we gained by this war? Of General Taylor I can safely speak, having been through all his lines of operation. He has gained four distinguished victories—perhaps the most brilliant victories that have ever been gained in this continent—and yet he has gained nothing. Why sir, (turning to Mr. Benton,) is it that the efforts of our army are like the efforts of a fevered patient, who spends all his strength in spasms, and as soon as they are over, is prostrated? After the brilliant victories which they have achieved, they have been forced, for want of men; ammunition, money, and conveyances, to lie idle until the enemy have been able to gain strength anew, and then the battles have to be fought over again. In our victories, nothing has been gained. Suppose Gen'l Taylor remains where he is will we have gained any thing? He has been there ever since last September; and unless some better means are afforded him, he will remain there until next October! The expense of this war is enormous, I have been told that \$1,000,000 a week has been paid to sustain the war, and yet Gen'l Taylor lies in the very position where he was eight months ago, and there he must lie.

Although I have not been over Gen. Scott's line of operations, yet it is clear that he can not sustain himself from his want of means. He may take the city of Mexico, but he can not sustain himself there—take he may, but it is impossible for him to keep it. For Santa Anna, although he was stoned when he went to the city of Mexico, from some cause has gained new strength (some have thought that it arose from Gen. Scott's proclamation and he will soon have an army sufficient to cope with Gen. Scott).

It is true, fellow-citizens, that this war has not been without its effect. It has had a great moral effect upon Europe. We now present to the world a spectacle such as we have never before presented. It has been said, that the United States could not wage a war of invasion. We have shown that we have waged it successfully. We have shown to the astonishment of the world, that volunteer troops can be depended upon—that private citizens can be transformed into good soldiers by a proper discipline. We have shown it at the battle of Buena Vista, where the whole force was composed of volunteers; and I defy the world to produce a parallel to the battle. The whole left wing was turned; the myriads of Santa Anna's army came pouring down on that handful of volunteers, almost surrounding them on all sides; yet they were sufficient to drive this superior force and victory perched on their standards. This fellow-citizens, was done by volunteers alone; it was done by volunteers discipline in the school of Taylor, and of that scientific officer and accomplished gentleman, Gen. Wool.

Fellow-citizens—I deem it unnecessary to consume your time by the detailed account of our operations, as I had intended to do before I closed; for Col. Benton has anticipated in many of the remarks which I had intended to make. But I think it my duty to ad-